

# RED GARTER

Number One

GERMAN  
SEX  
SEASON

ONLY

60

MAKE-OUT  
TECHNIQUE

ADULT  
FICTION



with ADULTS ONLY



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# red garter

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*All Photos Posed by Professional Models*

# KIDNAPPED



By Jack Woodford

I guess I'm one of the prettiest actresses in the world. At least, all of my newspaper clippings say so. I have long platinum hair (natural!), exquisite alabaster shoulders, and these nice breasts that drive men crazy. I confess it makes me feel good to see the way they drool when they can catch a peek at them. Of course, I don't always give them the opportunity, but it helps a girl's ego occasionally to let a shoulder strap slip by accident and let them have a tease of it before I can get the strap back up. I guess I am kind of mean.

Mine are rather large so that they don't even have to be bare to be effective, and I've got the nicest red aureoles in the middle. Some people say that they're brown on all women, but they

haven't seen mine. Moving downward in this grand tour, I've got a cute tummy, a cheerful rear that all the producers love to pat, and long legs. I can tell you, my nice white thighs aren't exactly skinny, either. And I use perfumes from Paris that make men's heads swim. I just love to catch one in the radius of it so they can't get away, and then watch them squirm.

And my lips! Mmm, red, and I keep them wet. Sometimes I paint them pink, and that's good, too. Dark black-brown eyes, large and maddening, long lashes. Oh yes, did I mention my hips? Well . . .

Anyway, this is to explain why I was so infuriated when this big boor kept ignoring me. This



red-headed fellow who's caused such a stir around Hollywood. Ooh, I hated him! No, I didn't hate him, of course — just the opposite — but he wasn't paying any attention to me.

The other day I was on the Universal lot doing that Cleopatra film for that independent — I forget his name — and I said hello ever so nicely and seductively, and I'll be double — well, you'll pardon my language — but anyway, he ignored me, the rat! Ooh, I steamed right through my dark wig.

"What's wrong, darling? I see smoke coming out of your wig. Should I get a fire extinguisher?"

It was Johnny Martin, my agent.

"Oh, you saw what just happened?"

"Couldn't help it, dear. Frankly, I don't think he's worth it."

Johnny's all right, but he's not gigantic, if you know what I mean. He's only a little taller than me, about six foot, with a nice face that dimples when he smiles, and dark black hair. A lot of people say he should have been an actor, but he seems content. Frankly, I think he kind of likes me. He's always asking to take me out, and what not, but I've kept our relationship on a friendly basis.

"Oh, really, Johnny?"

"All right, none of my business." He held up his hands. They were nice hands.

I poked him in the chest and he smiled, then he jerked a thumb backwards. "You're wanted on set seven."

Boy, that guy sure had a nerve to ignore me. I couldn't figure out his game. I was the most gorgeous girl in Hollywood and everybody knew it.

I finally caught him one night at Ciro's. I was having supper with Johnny and the big brute of a redhead was sitting up at the bar in the same outfit he must have worn at the day's shooting, a ten gallon hat, leather cowcoat, boots, Levi's, the works. I let Johnny sit there and went up the stairs to the bar, sliding up to the brute.

"Hello, handsome, how you doin'?" Now, who could ignore an invitation like that?

"Howdy, mam," he said, sweeping the big sombrero off his head.

"Howdy," I said, "What are you and I doin' tonight, handsome?"

He gulped and tried to look strong. Mamm, he did, too. Six foot six and the broadest chest I've ever seen. He swaggered a round on all his shows with this big hairy chest sticking out. Ooh, I was squirming in my pants like crazy!

"Whatever you say, ma'in." He stood up and took my arm.

"Let's not waste any time, then." I turned to look back at Johnny, who waved at me with a





*All Photos Faced by Professional Models*

knowing smile, and then out we went into the clear night air.

We took the curves down Sunset Boulevard madly. I was deliriously happy! At last I had nailed him, simply by the expedient of asking him! What a neat trick, I reminded myself to use it again sometime.

Finally there was the ocean, strong and cold, sweeping out to the end of the world. I felt his hand leave the wheel and move around my shoulder like a snake and I loved it! This was one of those times when my shoulder strap accidentally fell down. My head fell back and I edged nearer to him — if I could get any nearer. His big hairy hand moved down on my breast and squeezed it. Oh, I was dying from his touch! Little fires moved through my stomach like fury. His hand moved over my ripple, making it come taut. I squirmed around in my seat and put my tongue in his ear, my fingers on his neck. By the

time we got to my little beach house we were both panting.

Once inside his clothes fell away automatically. He was more beautiful than I had suspected! "I knew you'd look like that," I said.

He didn't say anything, he didn't need to. I let everything I was wearing slide to the floor. There I was, me, bare, my long wavy platinum hair sliding down my back to my buttocks. I could tell he was surprised to find it was natural.

He took me in his arms. Mmm, nice. I squirmed all over, darn him. Nice hairy body against my smooth one. We kind of moved over to the bed and I lay back, welcoming him. It was whirling, mad. All the pent-up desire of weeks came rush-



me to the surface. I bit into his shoulder, and then I couldn't think any longer, the world was exploding at my head. I reached up and up for a star, my body arching, flying in panic, and then . . . collision in outer space, a million stars, his whispering words neither of us could understand . . . pain and pleasure all at once, and then, boom . . . a drum roll, a baton twirl, two tons of fat going off inside me, the musky smell of the swimming . . . and . . . I sighed as his body shuddered, and then we were still.

His hands covered my body, exploring everywhere, his body gyrated and we pulled a few tricks (hollywood style, and the warm kisses, my hands on his body, his firm legs and hot, sticky stomach, lips in my ear . . .

Wow, something happened! Not between us, between, but to us. The door slammed and there were two big bruisers. The shoulders of either of them could have filled a food freezer for a while. I panicked, drawing a sheet over me. What on earth was going on?

"Look here, what's going on?"

"The look, you dumb broad. Where you going, mister?"

The brute waved a gun at lover, who stopped in the middle of the room and knelt down on the floor. "Don't shoot me, please don't shoot me," he begged. What on earth had become of that cute western accent? He sure looked funny all naked and kneeling. I wondered what I had ever seen in him. A chicken, too.

The hood raised his hand and slapped big Red right across the teeth. Didn't bother him a bit, he kept begging. Well, I was mortified. My entire evening ruined, shot to hell. And only a few moments ago I was on the moon. I went to the closet to get some clothes.

"Where you going?"

"Stop waving that gun. You've seen too many movies." I took down a robe and started to light a cigarette. I confess my hand, elegantly maneuvered as it was, was shaking like hell.

"Grab her, Lesny."

Big as I was, this guy just picked me off the ground and threw me over his shoulder like a sack of meat. Cramb. I kicked my feet like you're supposed to, but it didn't seem to affect him any. So I resigned myself to kidnapping. What else was I to do?

We were half way down the road to Santa Barbara when my knight in shining armor showed up, Johnny, of course! Just like in the movies. I was so tired, I died. Cute as a bug he ran them off

the road and then leapt out of his little Jaguar, grabbing the biggest one first and smashing him in the chops. I hadn't seen anything like it since Bart Lancaster in *Red's Fire*. Bart darling, if you're listening, you were great in that, but nowhere near as great as my Johnny was that night. That hood spat teeth all over the highway, and Johnny finished him with a knee in the groin, a chop on the neck, and then shoved him into the other hood who was trying to get a punch in. I was rooting for my baby all the way, and I picked up a rock and let fly. Wham, right over the left ear for hood #2!

Johnny looked down at the guy with a kind of worried look as I fell into his arms. "Darling," I sighed. Mmm what a man!

What a night! I felt like I was on a roller coaster of excitement. By the time we got back to my place the redhead was gone, thank goodness, and I grabbed Johnny's hand. "How on earth did you . . . ?"

He cleared his throat in that cute nervous way. "Well, I was just on my way to my house on the Coast Highway by Carrillo Park."

"Why, I didn't know you had a house on — wait a minute, where you going?"

"Home, why?"

"Must you, Johnny?" I came up close to him, luring him in. He kind of followed me inside in a dazed way, muttering something about how he should call the police. I took his hand and he forgot about that.

And after a while I discovered something very interesting. You know, he was a bigger man than Red. And talk about lovin'! Johnny knew things I hadn't even learned on the costing couch.

We were just recuperating when the phone rang. He kissed me and got up. Gosh, he was nicely formed, I just loved to watch him. I leaned back and sighed, happy like anything.

Then he took the phone into the next room, telling the police that I was asleep and couldn't come to the phone.

I got to thinking: how come the police were calling? We hadn't called them, and I sure didn't think the dollnappers gave themselves up. Well, I shrugged, I guess that big phoney, Red, called them.

Still, I wondered what they were talking about. I stood up and tiptoed to the door.

"Look, I didn't know she was going to hop you with that rock. Sure, sure, I'll see you guys in the morning. So long."





# Black Magic

I had goofed as usual.

Broke until payday and facing a dateless evening, I'd gone down to the nearby magazine stand to splurge on a paperback book to help me endure a very bleak evening in my own pad. All the co-operative dolls I knew were either busy or the kind of broads who frowned upon making it with insubvert bachelors.

Somehow, instead of picking a dandy, stimulatingly erotic novel guaranteed to fill the quiet evening ahead with horny visions of seduction and rape, I somehow goofed and purchased this wild book on the ancient art of black magic. And I didn't realize my mistake until I was back in the pad.

By that time the stand was closed for the night and I was stuck with my mistake.

Building a pitcher of martinis, I carried it out to the livingroom. Sprawling across the couch, I poured myself a drink, propped the nutty book in front of my face and began riffling through it. The contents were a gas.

*How To Shriek An Enemy.* Great. Just what I needed to know the next time some clown tried to invade my special group of amoral playmates. I turned a few pages. *How To Make Lice Sing.* Nothing there for me. I kept nass has no allure for me. I kept turning. *How To Dominate Vampires.* Still no good. There prob-

ably wasn't a single damn vampire in the whole neighborhood. And if there was, she probably wasn't my type. I continued flipping through the book. There were chapters on *How To Transform A Shrewish Woman Into A Parrot*, *How To Co-iterate Do-Gooders*, *How To Fly Without Wings*, *How To Be In-vincible* and any number of very doll stunts. Like I say, the whole book was a blast. I enjoyed it so much I even forgot how bored I was, locked in for lack of loot.

By ten-thirty, the pitcher was dry and I was feeling very rare. Adventurous, in fact. I was having a hard time reading the book because its print seemed to be a hell of a lot fuzzier all of a sudden, but I stayed

with it. Stopping long enough to stagger to the kitchenette and fumble up another supply of martini mix, I returned to the book.

And the idea hit me.

"Scott Corby," I said aloud, solemnly staring at my grinning reflection in the coffee table's glossy surface, "Scott, ol' boy, the time has come for action! Yessir! Good ol' action!"

Hiccupping softly, I belted down the drink and hospitably poured myself another. Man, how that good ol' Corby could drink! I toasted him, grinning back at his smirking face in the tabletop.

"Here's to action, Corby!" I yawned happily and down the good ol' drink went, chugging-chug-galug. Then, I held the black magic book to my eyes and focused with some effort on it. I was at Chapter Eighteen, *How To Conjure Up Demons*. Yessir, that's the ol' action. That's what the ol' pad needed. A few good ol' demons around to keep the joint tidy.

Following the instruction, I scrounged up a chunk of chalk, a couple of dozen candles and carefully drew a nine-sided diagram on the floor—just like the one in the book. Then, I placed the candles in position and lit them. Hell, we were all lit. Our combined glow was the greatest when I turned the lights out. Bizarre, maybe, but the greatest. Finally, I started hunting for a live insect which the book stated must be crawling across the center of the diagram—the exact ol' center—at the moment I spoke the magic incantation.

It was a hell of a lot of awkward work, but I caught a large fly in the bedroom. Everytime I put him down on the floor, he took off again—zooming around furiously, buzzing like crazy. He was a real racked ol' fly. There had to be a way to keep that fly grounded long enough for me to get on with the experiment. Catching him for the umpteenth time, I tried dunking him in the pitcher. He stopped buzzing loudly and belched. Anyway, it sounded like a belch. Then, he just hummed softly. Putting him



down on the edge of the diagram, I watched him stumble casually toward the diagram's center, still softly humming as he wobbled along.

"More like it," I said, straightening up and getting ready to say the incantation. Laboriously, I rehearsed the words. "KIBUM FIBORTH SIBEX-IBEE FIBEEND!" Man, that was a mouthful. While the ol' fly teetered toward the center of the diagram, I divided my attention between his progress and that incantation. It took him twenty minutes to shag across ten feet of floor. By that time I had the magic incantation down pat.

Just as the fly teetered to the exact spot necessary, I threw back my head and shouted, "KIBUM FIBORTH SIBEX-IBEE FIBEEND!"

The diagram exploded silently into a blinding, dazzling flash of light. Then I blinked twice and saw clouds of pale green smoke rising upward, revealing somebody standing exactly where the sauced fly had been.

"Hi, mortal!" belched the naked girl, loering tipily.

I'd conjured up a very *shapely* demon.

Collapsing on the couch and suddenly feeling distantly sober, I

stared at her. Aside from the unsettling fact she was a demon, she was the most gorgeous thing I'd ever seen. Long, golden-blond hair streaming down her highly curved body to her unbearably beautiful, rounded thighs. Impudently high breasts with debolutely punk tips that tilted haughtily upward. A doll just too mouth-wateringly perfect to be real. And, of course, she was hardly real. How the hell could she be? I just conjured her up, didn't I? As sanity dribbled back into my mind, I realized she was probably just a tantalizing figment of my tortured, love-starved imagination.





"Let's not knock the magic, mortal," she said curtly, stepping out of the circle of flickering candles. "I heard what you thought and you're wrong. I'm here, alrighty—and ready for love!"

I gaped at her. So demons read minds. Great. Well, if she was reading mine, she should be blushing from head to foot. I stepped up my heated thoughts.

"I get the message, lover," she crooned, slithering beside me on the couch, her fabulous breasts very firm and realistically pressing into my arm like twin points of white-hot flesh. "What are we waiting for?"

"Yeah, what are we waiting for?" I babbled, reaching for that creamy assortment of feminine goodies. As my hands caressed her, fondled her—it was like touching an ivory flame. Like pet-

ting pear colored fire without being burned. It was out of this world. We clung together, doing delightfully naughty little things to each other. And I quickly learned that I only thought I was well informed about love-tricks. She started teaching me things that stood my hair on end.

Inevitably, we wrapped the whole, magnificently sensual session up in a finale of shuddering action that swept us climactically to the crest of a lust that almost tore my nerves out of my body.

Limp, satiated, I gazed peacefully at the demon still moving insistently next to me. "That was wonderful. Just wonderful. Now, how do I send you back?"

She smiled evilly. "You don't."

"I don't?" I echoed dully.

She shook her head. "I've been waiting several thousand years to

be conjured up. You think I want to go back to . . . to where I came from and miss all the fun of living it up in this century?"

"Yeah, but you can't stay here. I'm a bachelor. I live alone."

"You lived alone. Now you have me . . . for company." Come on, lover—don't just sit there!

I grabbed her slender hand. "Right now?"

She nodded.

"But I can't—" I began, my protest abruptly severed as she resumed her fiendish mischief.

As it turned out, I could . . . and did.

For three days and three nights, this constant devilment went on and on . . . and on, until I began feeling the strain like no strain I ever felt before. My job at the ad agency was no problem. I just



called in, pleading sudden illness. Which was a laugh. Because if I had had any idea of what this root was going to do to me, I'd have really been sick.

For want of a better name, I began calling the demon Blondy. Between Fun & Games, she gave me a rundown on what it was like being a girl-freak. It seemed she had to just hang around the netherworld, watching all the blazing fun, until it was her turn to be conjured up by some mortal. Blondy couldn't remember all the times she had been conjured up over the centuries, but she admitted she'd had her share of conjuring. She had enjoyed her most often appearances during the dark ages when black magic was most in vogue.

"Yeah, it was the greatest," she said thoughtfully, twisting a strand of hair around her finger and staring at the bedroom ceiling with a lewd smile, little lights sparkling in the depths of her slanting, green eyes. "Some of those crusading cuts were some daddies, believe me, lover! Yeah, I always hated it

when I had to leave the old castle scene and go back."

"Go back?" I said hopefully. So far, Blondy had been rather cautious in her description of wherever it was she stayed between conjurings. "Uh... you had to go back, huh?"

She nodded, her oval face somber. "Yeah, sooner or later, I always had to go back." She sighed deeply. "And it was always Hell."

"You mean the... uh..." I hesitated.

"You know it, lover. Real Hell."

"Are there many more like you in... uh... there?" I asked carefully.

"Millions!" she chortled. "Millions and millions and billions just like me! Only I'm more refined. Some of them low-type demons are a drag!"

"Were you... ah... ever banned in Boston?"

She smiled gleefully. "Was I? Burned for a witch four times and—" She stopped, suddenly turning those shimmering eyes on me. "Hey, let's knock off all this gab-

bing and have another party, lover!"

"But we've already..." I moved away from her sliding to the edge of the bed. "I need a little more rest. I'm only human, remember?"

"Yeah, that's right. Human. I keep forgetting. In fact, you're almost a real demon, yourself!" She wriggled her satiny shoulders, making everything sway and bounce.

"Listen," I said conversationally, stalling for time. "I've always wondered... I mean, I'd like to know—about the devil. You know, the head devil. The big shot. Is he really—?"

She put a slim finger against my lips.

"Shhhhhh!" she whispered. Don't even ask!"

"Classified information, huh?"

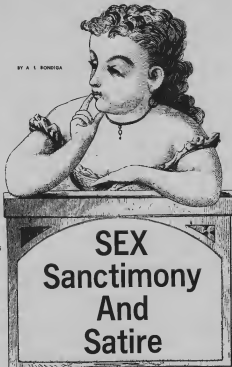
She nodded solemnly.

"Sorry I mentioned it," I sat up on the edge of the bed, reaching for my clothes.

Blondy grabbed my arm, yank-

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# SEX Sanctimony And Satire

Man's final resting place, the burying ground, is seldom devoted to levity, particularly in our contemporary times. Yet, there was a time when the old-fashioned epitaph, now all but extinct, was a very eloquent and long-lasting literary form, heavy with humor, wise with wit. In cemeteries across the nation from the graves of New England

to the bleak Boot hills of the West, our ancestors left a heritage of grave jests carved in wood, chiseled in stone. The colonials made no bones about the grim inevitability of meeting the Dark Angel. A very popular motif on the tombstones of the early settlers was an ominous death's head and the phrase, "Memento Mori" - Remember

Death! The fashions in the epitaphs that followed were, despite their occasional note of morbidity, an improvement.

In the old West, the graveyards, sometimes picturesquely known to the citizens as Boot hill, had their share of edifying epitaphs.

Americans were not alone in their usage of tombstones for sermons and satire. The custom was employed in several European countries as well.

Occasionally, a literate spirit will feel moved to write his own epitaph and often, the results are richly rewarding. Marc Connely, the author of *Green Pastures*, wrote

David McCord, "poet, essayist and professional fund raiser", who recently retired as executive director of the Harvard Fund Council, once composed an *Epitaph for a Waiter* that should stir recollections in anyone who makes a practice of dining out

THIS CORPSE  
IS PHOEBE THORPE'S  
A RUM COUGH  
CARRIED HIM OFF

IN  
MEMORY OF  
LILIA  
WIFE OF  
SIMEON PALMER

IN  
MEMORY OF  
ELIZABETH  
WHO SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN THE  
WIFE OF  
SIMEON PALMER

HERE LIES MARC CONNELLY  
WHO?

BY AND BY  
GOD CAUGHT HIS EYE

HE CALLED  
BILL SMITH  
A LIAR

— Tombstone, Arizona

REMEMBER ME AS YOU PASS BY,  
AS YOU ARE NOW, SO ONCE WAS I,  
AS I AM NOW, SO YOU MUST BE,  
THEREFORE PREPARE TO FOLLOW ME

WE CAN MOURN OUR LOSS  
THOUGH WRETCHED WAS HIS LIFE  
DEATH TOOK HIM FROM THE CROSS  
ERECTED BY HIS WIFE

TO THE MEMORY OF  
ABRAHAM BEAULIEU  
ACCIDENTLY SHOT APRIL 1844:  
AS A MARK OF AFFECTION  
FROM HIS BROTHER

HERE LIES THE BODY OF JOHN MOUND  
LOST AT SEA AND NEVER FOUND

SHE LIVED WITH HER HUSBAND  
FIFTY YEARS  
AND DIED IN THE CONFIDENT HOPE  
OF A BETTER LIFE

STRANGER, APPROACH THIS SPOT WITH GRAVITY  
JOHN BROWN IS FILLING HIS LAST CAVITY  
— A dentist's epitaph

IN MEMORY OF  
ELLEN SHANNON  
WHO WAS FATALLY BURNED  
BY THE  
EXPLOSION OF A LAMP  
FILLED WITH  
DANFORTH'S NON-EXPLOSIVE  
BURNING FLUID

UNDER THE SOD, UNDER THE TREES  
LIES THE BODY OF JONATHAN PEASE  
HE IS NOT HERE  
BUT ONLY HIS POD  
HE SHELLED OUT HIS PEAS  
AND WENT TO HIS GOD

STRANGER CALL THIS NOT  
A PLACE OF GLOOM,  
TO ME IT IS A PLEASANT SPOT  
MY HUSBAND'S TOMB

AT LAST SHE SLEEPS — AT LAST SHE SLEEPS ALONE  
— the epitaph of a seventeenth-century French courtesan

HERE LIES MY WIFE  
HERE LET HER LIE  
NOW SHE'S AT REST  
AND SO AM I  
— John Dryden's (1631-1700) epitaph for his wife

WITHIN THIS GRAVE WE BOTH DO LIE,  
BACK TO BACK, MY WIFE AND I  
WHEN THE LAST TRUMP THE AIR SHALL FILL  
SHE WILL GET UP AND I'LL LIE STILL

WHEN PEOPLE'S ILL THEY COME TO I-  
I PHYSICS, BLEEDS, AND SWEATS EM,  
SOMETIMES THEY LIVE, SOMETIMES THEY DIE  
WHAT'S THAT TO I I LETSOME  
— the epitaph of Dr I Letsome

HERE LIES A WOMAN, NO MAN CAN DENY IT,  
WHO NOW IS AT PEACE, THOUGH SHE LIVED MOST UNQUIET  
HER HUSBAND BESEECHES, IF NEAR HERE YOU'RE WALKING,  
SPEAK SOFT OR SHE'LL WAKE AND THEN START TALKING  
— the epitaph of a nagging wife

HERE LIES CUT DOWN, LIKE UNRIPE FRUIT,  
A SON OF MR AMOS TUTE  
TO DEATH HE FELL A HELPLESS PREY,  
ON APRIL 5 AND TWENTIETH DAY,  
IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED SEVENTY-SEVEN,  
QUITTING THIS WORLD, WE HOPE, FOR HEAVEN  
BEHOLD THE AMAZING ALTERATION,  
AFFECTED BY INOCULATION,  
THE MEANS EMPLOYED HIS LIFE TO SAVE,  
HURRIED HIM ALONG TO THE GRAVE

HERE LIES JOHN COIL  
A SON OF TOIL  
WHO DIED ON ARIZONA SOIL  
HE WAS A MAN OF CONSIDERABLE VIM  
BUT THIS HERE AIR WAS TOO HOT FOR HIM  
— from a grave marker in Phoenix, Arizona

HERE LIES MY POOR WIFE  
WITHOUT BED OR BLANKET  
BUT DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL  
GOD BE THANKIT,  
— from a Sutton Parish churchyard

HERE LIE THE BONES OF ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE  
BORN A VIRGIN, DIED A HARLOT  
SHE WAS AYE A VIRGIN AT SEVENTEEN  
A REMARKABLE THING IN ABERDEEN  
— Aberdeen, Scotland

BENEATH THIS STONE,  
A LUMP OF CLAY  
LIES ARABELLA YOUNG  
WHO ON THE 21ST OF MAY  
1771  
BEGAN TO HOLD HER TONGUE  
— Shropshire, England

QUALITY  
INSTEAD OF  
QUANTITY



Bea Carstairs constituted a challenge to me. She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She had the ethereally lovely face of an enchanted princess from a fairy tale and the body of a stripper on the runway who does bumps and grinds because she likes to.

I had never had her.

A lot of others had, but they all happened to have been husbands of hers. I don't think I could have made the grade, even if I had wanted to make it, instead of her. I wasn't rich enough, and I wasn't old enough.

I had seen my twenty-first birthday all right, and half a decade besides, but the first man Bev had married at seventeen had been forty-three. Then in rapid succession, through death or divorce, she had married men forty-nine, fifty-three, sixty, and now sixty-nine year old Bennett Adams was her husband.

Bev and I were having lunch together at the Alexander Club, and I had propositioned her and she had refused me for the umpteenth time.

"Come on, Bev," I said, "admit it. You just don't like sex."

"I don't admit that. That's just your egotism, Jack. You think because I won't do it with you, I don't like to do it with anybody."

I shook my head.

"I can't say that. I don't have two heads. I can't be that bad. Besides, I know others who have tried and failed. The only men you've probably ever slept with are your husbands — and probably all you've done in bed with one of those ancients is sleep."

Bea exhaled a plume of smoke. Her mouth was almost irretrievably annual when it formed an "O".

"Do you think I've never had sex, or that I've had it and I don't like it?"

"I doubt that a girl as beautiful as you could remain a virgin this long. But you've probably had an inferior sample."

"Don't be too sure. I like sex. But I like quality instead of quantity."

Bea stood up to leave.

As I paid the check, I saw what she must mean.

The aging husbands she had married must have had plenty of time to perfect their technique. They probably didn't get around to using their knowledge very often but when they did, they were experts.

I realized Bev may have been right.

I might have had a lot to learn.

The pounding on my door continued, and I staggered towards the noise. Squinting at my wristwatch, I saw it was two thirty nine in the morning.

I was earning only pajamas, but if that shocked whoever was on the other side of the door at this hour, they didn't know how lucky they were.

When I threw open the door, Bea Adams, nee Carstairs, was standing outside in a transparent nightgown, peering.

"Changed your mind suddenly, didn't you?" I asked.

"Don't be so funny," she said, brushing past me into the living room.

I shut the door, noticing that she was wearing a coat over her shoulders but that it had come open and re-

vealed the transparent gown. Bev turned back towards me and I couldn't take my eyes off her lush breasts with their wide, dark nipples clearly visible.

"I like people to look me in the eyes," Bev said.

"Okay," I said straightforwardly, "if you aren't here for what I hoped you were, what do you want?"

"I need somebody to protect me from Bennett. I told him I was leaving him tonight, and he's pretty unreasonable. Oh-oh, here he comes."

She had drifted over to the window and was looking down into the street below my second floor apartment. I joined her, and saw the gray-haired man striding purposefully, his eyes bright, his cheeks flushed.

"Bev," I said, "you're probably the most attractive girl I've ever met — why don't you give up on these old relics and get yourself a real man?"

"Honest to God," Bev said, "I told you I like quality instead of quantity in my sex. I've been marrying older men for a purpose. But tell me, Jack, how old a guy do you think I'll have to get — older than Bennett's secrets — so that he won't come after me every damn night in the week?"





# GERMAN SEX SEASON

BY BILL DANCER

The World's most un-inhibited carnival of sex takes place every year — in of all places — Bavaria. During this wild, all-out interlude, wedding rings are removed and carefully hidden in secret hiding places. Staid couples don weird and revealing costumes, hide their faces behind masks and go prowling for strange lovers.

All this occurs every pre-Lenten season and is carried right on through for nearly three months! By the end of this time, the costumes are pretty well worn out . . . not to mention the revelers!

This gay, no-holds-barred celebration is known as "Fasching." It all starts with a real bang just about the time Christmas is over. No sense in mixing two holidays in one, you know!

Its real purpose is to enable the stolid Bavarians to work off all their frustrations before they buckle down to the stern laws of the Lenten season.

Inasmuch as Bavaria is heavily Catholic and

devoutly religious, the Lenten season is not to be trifled with. Every true Bavarian holds steadfastly to the laws of the Church during the time of trial.

But, the same citizen seems to feel that he can commit any crime short of murder during the "Fasching" festivities and still maintain his (or her) status as a good Christian!

It all starts with the usual pact between husband and wife. They solemnly remove their wedding bands. (The men in Bavaria favor wearing the band as well as the women). Now, only one restriction is imposed on them. They must share breakfast together every morning no matter who they spent the night with!

One of the weirdest sights in the land is to see some citizen, dressed as a Demon, pedaling madly homeward on his bicycle in order to confront his wife at the breakfast table. The dawn in Bavaria reveals this unseemly haste



The costumes are truly noteworthy. Certain houses exist solely on the profits they ring up during the Fasching season by renting out costumes to the merry-makers.

Those who are too poor to rent costumes, spend hours sewing and creating disguises of their own making. Costumes run the gamut. They range from pure angels to sinister demons of darkness. In between, you will find Knights in armor, harem girls in little to speak of, soldiers, sailors, artists, models, robots, animals and whatever else the human imagination can conjure up.

Some of the costumes are really works of art. Rare fabrics are twisted and worked into striking forms. And every conceivable new device is quickly seized upon to be incorporated into a costume that will catch the attention.

You can be certain that the new surge in Astronaut flight will be a strong motif for many fun-seekers. One of the tricks in this fun-game is to

sometimes disguise a girl in a man's costume. Or, vice-versa! But this sort of tom-foolery doesn't fool anyone too long. One of the main purposes of all the disguising is to conceal one's identity . . . but not one's sex!

Before the sun comes up, you can be certain that the two people strolling together will have found out to one another's satisfaction just exactly what lies under the garments of the other!

Fasching is fooling around. But it's fooling around with a real purpose. That goal is getting the partner into the sack for a solid love session. Nothing else counts but that. Who the partner is, doesn't matter . . . just so it's someone of the right sex!

The Police recognize the great urge for letting off steam and they studiously look the other way at all times during the fun-time. As a matter of fact, it's known that some of the Police manage to insert a bit of liveliness into their own

nights when the proper time arrives. However, the authorities frown on this and the men of the law have to conduct their campaigns very cautiously lest the wrath of the higher-ups come down on their heads.

One seasoned Fasching campaigner has consistently cashed in on the German respect for the uniform. He has adopted as his Fasching costume, an admirable replica of a Bavarian Police officer's uniform.

This wily one spends his Fasching nights by prowling likely spots and suddenly confronting romantic couples. He lets the offending male off with a stern warning. But he holds the girl for "further questioning." This questioning is finally consummated in the secluded confines of the arresting "officer's" car. After the "questioning", the girl is driven home to recover what strength she may need for the following night's fun. The Police are properly indignant about the shameful name this pretender is giving them, but thus far, he has successfully eluded their best-laid plans.

The cost of the costumes is not cheap. An ordinary costume such as a clown's suit or a cow-girl rents for about a dollar a night. But a really clever disguise such as a mechanical monster or a headless horseman may cost the lessee as much as one hundred Deutsche Marks, which

in our American dollar comes to roughly twenty five dollars a night!

But the Bavarians feel this is a low enough price to pay for a brand new love-partner. Where else can you find the exciting object of your affections (for a night) at such reasonable rates?

One of the strangest parts about all this wild love-making is that more often than not, the two involved, never see the face of the other! They may see everything else that counts, but never the actual countenances. This way, there is no danger of future liaisons.

After the night of sex is completed, the principals bow low to one another and then pursue their own paths homeward. None of this old-fashioned courtesy of seeing the lady to her door. She just might have a stuffy husband waiting up for her who might not be as happy about Fasching as the man who is returning his weary, but satisfied mate back to home plate!

However, chastees are much better than the husband himself, is still out with his own "find." But it's still wiser to be a little bit in the dark about the exact location of your evening's date's home. No use crowding the issue.

The more experienced Fasching revellers play a rather smart game. They don't appear in the same costume more than once! Even a costume





can lead to exposing one's identity if worn too often in the same spots.

So . . . you can readily understand why the matter of disguises begins to become a real problem . . . not only from a financial point, but from one of sheer inventiveness.

There is one other main requirement about a costume. Some of the newer party-goers get so carried away with the idea of coming up with the most inspired disguise that they ultimately create a wonderful, bulky costume. But then, in the wee hours of the night, when it comes time to get down to brass tacks, it turns out to be a physical impossibility to remove enough of the disguise to engage in what should come natural-

ly! Many a panting Romeo has missed the boat because of the time required to peel down!

All adults are permitted to engage in Fasching. But the effect on the teen-ager has been something to worry about. The young folks of Bavaria today are much more alert to times. They aren't quite as willing to sit back passively while Momma and Poppa don goofy suits and go out for the night.

More and more "under-age" girls and boys are sneaking out after the parents have taken off to see what they can pick up, too. And there have been some really interesting results.

One of the standard jokes in Bavaria deals with the tragic fate of the ardent lover who has made monumental time with the lady of his choice. Only after he has returned home to recoup his



strength, does he suddenly discover, to his horror, that the entrancing girl he has seduced so beautifully is actually his own wife!

But what has actually happened in recent times is that some exciting damsel has given her all to the romantic male. What neither realizes is that they are father and daughter! And it is also stated that some passionate young mother finds herself unknowingly pouring her charms on to the virile young man of her choice who later develops into her own son!

Luckily for all concerned, there is an absolute minimum of speech during these interludes. And the costumes are so cleverly concealing that no one can be quite sure just who is who? So, everybody takes on everybody and the chippies fall where they may!

To avoid too much conflict between teen-agers and the elders, more and more parties are being clearly defined as to age brackets. Usually, the clue to which group is which is best gauged by observing the musicians.

If the band is of the Strauss Waltz or Wiener-Schitzel school, the party-goer can be reasonably certain the elder-lovelies will hold sway.

But if the music is furnished by a solid combo, then you can bet your "bottom" that the people there are the hep youngsters. Naturally, some wily old timer feels constrained now and then, to sneak into a teen-age group just to see what makes the younger girls tick. But this is the exception, rather than the rule. Each group likes to stay within their own boundaries.

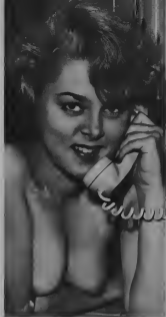
The part of the American Serviceman in Fasching must not be underestimated. There are thousands of American soldiers . . . and officers . . . stationed in Bavaria.

The foot-loose American G.I. finds a real smog-gasbord set out for him during this gay time. He gets a chance to take off his uniform and work on equal footing with the German male. Who is to know that the Feudal Knight so ardently wooing the Harem girl is really a young American corporal? He doesn't have to do more than make gestures and utter an occasional sigh or German love-term. Even the newest of arrivals in Deutschland learns these basics!

Now, the American soldier or officer who has his family with him in Bavaria faces a different problem. He has to worry about his wife learning about his parties. Or, in some cases, wife has to worry about hubby learning of her doings! Some American couples throw emotion to the wind and simply adopt the Bavarian custom of taking off in different directions to see what turns







up. One thing is for certain. No matter whether you're an American or German in Bavaria at this time of year, you're going to be involved in Fasching in one way or another! There's no such thing as being aloof about it!

The parties can be held almost anywhere. Some of the wildest ones, naturally, are thrown at private estates. The only trouble with these, is that the choice is not quite as wide as one might encounter at a big public function.

The artist's colony in Munich, known as Schwabing, contributes some of the best blasts in Bavaria. The costumes here are just a trifle more daring. The inhibitions even less and the cost not too staggering.

The music is also much more to the liking of the moderns. Good combos, sharp trios, and Dixieland bands are featured. The settings are

invariably the coffee houses and cafes frequented by artists and their models. It is only natural that the costumes most favored here deal with every subject under the sun except artists and models!

Another great spot for "fun" parties is the little Alpine town of Garmitschpartenkirchen. This little ski village is only an hour's drive from Munich. One of the big Army bases is located here and the frauleins know that the average American Serviceman is inclined to be over-liberal with his money once he has a scent of romance and liquor in his nostrils. Let us put it kindly by simply stating that if all the Frauleins here were laid end to end it wouldn't be anything new!

The biggest and by far, the most magnificent ball takes place at the massive building in Munich that once served as the Officer's Club for Herr Hitler. It is called the Haus der Kunst (House of Art) and this is no fabrication.

The ball that takes place there each week end











in Fasching time is breath-taking. Hundreds upon hundreds of merry-makers, in every possible form of dress — and un-dress — cavort on the big dance floors.

Note that we say, dance floors. That's just it. There are not one, but many dances going on at the same time. At one end of the huge building, you may find a Hungarian Gypsy orchestra playing wild, savage csardas's to inflame the revellers.

Further down, may be another ballroom in which the Viennese tunes are employed to build the mood of fun. Yet, another ballroom removed, you may come across a typical American Dixie-

land band blaring away. Another hall further down finds the subdued strains of a modern jazz group. But not matter what the type of music, it's all for one ultimate purpose. Get everybody keyed up. Keyed up so high that they won't care if they never get home!

Shortly after midnight, the serious stuff starts. Couples who have been tantalizing one another all night on the dance floor suddenly go into action. Some of it takes place right on the dance floor. If the costumes are handled properly, who knows what goes on under the protective folds?

Some of the fun-seekers don't believe in keep-



ing their share of the activity a secret. The big stone and marble staircases are loaded with ardent pairs. Even though the light from the massive candelabras is revealing enough to show exactly what is taking place, many of the principals conduct their love right on the stairs!

It's considered bad form to stare at the less inhibited participants. Even if they are engaged in some startling maneuver that one hasn't seen before. The beautiful part of all of this is, that once you're in the environment, none of it seems too odd. It turns out to be pretty contagious. Before long, other couples decide to try their hand at the various poses!

There is, however, one disturbing note to this all-out fun. The divorce rate in Bavaria is one of the highest in all the world. This is strange, because Bavaria is more than ninety percent Catholic. The Catholic Church does not condone

divorce. And as you can imagine, this creates some emotional and psychological problems that are proving to be more than the population can handle.

The latest divorce statistics from Bavaria are even higher than they were last year. According to the most accurate sources, one out of every three marriages in Bavaria will end in disaster!

And one cannot completely blame this steady rise on the younger set. More than one half of the divorces are being filed by couples who have been married for ten years or more!

The Catholic Church has tried to fight this great moral laxity in Germany. But it is a losing battle. The average Bavarian feels he is entitled to the license of Fasching just as his father and grandfather before him, were.

As a result, the Church has tried to look the other way while the wildness goes on. But this





hasn't helped, either. Condoning the love-letting only seems to prod the principals on to new depths.

Even though there is nine months of complete propriety after the celebration, it still doesn't compensate for the rise in divorces and illegitimate births.

The leading psychologists in Bavaria have long studied the problem but they feel they still have a long, arduous row ahead before any real progress will be made.

"— We cannot help the people until they want to help themselves," one eminent psychologist recently stated. "And the only thing they seem to want to help themselves to, at this state is love!"

On the more optimistic side, however, there lies some faint ray of hope. As education begins to reach more and more of the population, the truly carnal side of Fasching is exposed to the pitiless glare of knowledge.

"— We can still continue to celebrate Fasching," one leading German educator said. "But we must learn to control the more orgiastic rites. What was once accepted by our ancestors, need not be accepted by us!"

However, a great many of the people in Bavaria aren't too happy about progress in this traditional carnival of theirs. In the blunt words of one fun-seeker:

"— All this reform talk about Fasching is nonsense! The reformers are over-looking one very important and un-changeable fact: No man . . . or woman . . . is made of wood!"





# LETTERS FROM THE LOVEWORN



Women in love, women out of love, unmarried and unhappy mothers, married and unhappy mothers, slightly pregnant, outlandishly pregnant—all the ladies, young, intermediate, and not-so-young, have a sad story to tell. The scrambled syntax, the ingenious, though incorrect spelling, the strangely garbled meanings—all are familiar to the lovelorn columnists, amateur analysts in the public eye, and a great corps of social workers.

Here are actual excerpts taken from letters received by one social agency in a large West Coast city.

"... I cannot get sick pay. I have 6 children. Can you tell me why?"

"... Mary Brown has no clothing for a year and has been regularly visited by the clergy ..."

"... I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is now dead."

"... I'm forwarding my birth

certificate and my 6 children. I had 7 but one died which was baptized on a half sheet of paper ..."

"... I have given birth to a boy 2 years old. When do I get my money?"

"... Please find for certain if my husband is dead. The man I'm living with now can't do anything until he knows ..."

"... I'm very much amazed to find you have branded by boy as illiterate as this is a dirty lie. I was married to his father a week before he was born ..."

"... I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my 3 children, one of which is a mistake as you will see ..."

"... In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing 10#. I hope this is satisfactory ..."

"... Unless I get my husband's money very soon, I will have to lead an immoral life ..."

"... You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will this make any difference?"

"... Please send money at once as I am in error with my landlord ..."

"... I have no children as yet as my husband is a bus driver and works day and night ..."

"... In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope ..."

"... I want my money as quick as I can get it. I have been in bed with my doctor for 2 weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things don't improve, I will have to send for another doctor ..."

"... My husband has had his project cut off 2 weeks ago and I haven't had any relief yet ..."

# WEIRD BROAD, MAN...

30



Penny must have been hurting for love too because she didn't offer the slightest resistance. .

I sat upright when I heard the light tap on the door. For at least thirty five minutes I had been scanning the help wanted ads in an effort to solve a problem I had cultivated over the past twenty three years. I seemed to fit beautifully into everything they didn't want, things like Bio-chemists, Electrical engineers, Nuclear technicians and a lot of positions I couldn't even pronounce.

I suppose the fact that I was blessed with good looks and a natural terpsichorean ability, plus the advice of some friends was my reason for being here in New York. I had a couple of radio shots and one TV commercial back home which, at least, were something of a claim to acting.

Two hundred bucks and a slim wardrobe wasn't a heluva poke to start with but then good old ma was always ready to take back her wandering son. The house in Cucamonga, compared to this closet I was living, or rather existing in, was a castle. I think the thing must have been built when New York was still New Amsterdam, and they hadn't made any improvements since.

This particular day was a natural gloom spreader, grey and lousy, the kind that some stacked female could brighten . . . if I knew a stacked female.

The second tap found me adjusting my tie with one hand and opening the door with the other.

To say I was startled at the lascivious girl framed in the doorway is the understatement of the year. She was hauntingly beautiful, her shining brown hair cut short, yet possessing a carefree, windblown appearance. Her eyes sparkled, her full, beautifully red lips slightly parted, exposing the whitest teeth I'd ever seen.

For a moment neither of us spoke. Then she emitted a scry, 'Hello'.

I had always been considered a gasser with the dames back home but none of them had ever come knocking on my door. Anyway, suddenly remembering my man-

ners, I invited her in, which was readily accepted.

Her dress was very short, kind of reminding me of some pictures I'd seen in the family album dated 1930 or thereabouts. I guess the reason I associated her with the old photos was because she wore knee garters, the old round elastic kind just above her knee to hold up the sheer hose she was wearing. Now, about her legs. They were some kind of shape, narrow saskied blossoming into full, gorgeously shaped calves and then up into full blown thighs that seemed glued to her dress. One thing differed from what I was used to seeing. Her bosom was flattened out due to a bra that was poorly fitted. I could see a little bulge under her arm pits. Back home the girls either wore those goofy things that could poke out the eye balls of a short guy or didn't bother to wear any. This broad was conservatively different.

"Pardon my curiosity, but what's your name?" I asked.

"Oh! Did Joe move out of here?"

"Joe?" I had never heard of him but it's conceivable he had lived there, but not for at least a month. The landlady had mentioned the room had been vacant for that long.

"Who's Joe?"

"It really doesn't matter. He and I were about washed up anyway."

Then like we'd been friends for years, she walked over and planted a hot, tongue searching kiss on me. You could have knocked me over with a feather. The vibration went down to my toes, bounced and seared clear through my body.

She drew her hand back an inch or so, much to my dismay. I thought she might be getting another bunch of air for another lips crusher but this wasn't to be the case. All she wanted was to know who I was.

"George," I stammered, "George Newcomb."

"I'm so glad you're here, George. I'm Cynthia Anderson, professionally known as Penny Archer."

She stared into my eyes inquisitively. Her name didn't ring any

bells but then I was a newcomer to New York.

"What kind of an act do you have, Cynthia . . . I mean, Penny?"

"Comedy stuff, you know, fast repartee and then I wind up doing the shimmy."

"Pardon my ignorance, but just what the hell is a shimmy? You got a new version of the twist?"

"Twist?" The word brought a quizzical look to her lovely face. "No," she added, "this is the new craze . . . like in the song, 'I Wish That I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate.'"

I don't know if you ever stood like a stumble wit trying to think of something bright to say and couldn't think of anything, but this was my case. The best thing I could do was to forget the dancing business so I just made with the love motions again. The response was gratifying.

Her white, shapely arms encircled my neck once again as those rebel lips pressed against mine. This time I kept nudging her towards the bed. It had been a long time since I had relationships with a gal. Even the landlady was beginning to look good, and this doll must have voted for Lincoln.

Penny must have been hurting for love too because she didn't offer the slightest resistance . . . as a matter of fact, now that I think about it, I don't remember whether it was her or myself that was doing the nudging.

There was no problem sliding my hand up underneath her dress and snagging her warm thighs, but that kind of action is only frustrating. I decided to go for the zipper of her dress and get the damn thing out of the way entirely . . . only her dress didn't have a zipper. She realized I was ignorant about disrobing dames so kindly squirmed out of the thing. It wasn't exactly a nervous sight seeing her yank the stubborn material over her head but then the result was the same. Now whoever designs women's underwear sure must have been a cockle head when he fashioned the thing



Penny was wearing underneath. It was a one piece affair, starting at her bosom and then hanging loosely like a potato sack, down to her crotch. Only it wasn't elastic on the bottom. You know what SVD's used to look like? These were the same thing only a shiny peach color.

Underneath this . . . this slippery union suit was a bra that absolutely imprisoned two beautiful breasts. I wanted to be the turn-key that would free the suppressed mounds but my curiosity about the peach colored track suit got the best of me.

"What, if I may ask, do you call this shiny thing?" I asked, allowing my fingers to pinch the material.

"A teddy . . . a chemise, silly."

Ask a stupid question and you'll get a stupid answer. She followed her words with speedily deflating remarks. "George, I'm afraid you haven't been around the girls lately or you'd know what they're wearing."

This is partially true but I don't think Christina Dior dreamed up a chastity belt like this thing overnight. So, I dispensed with the subject and went on to more enjoyable points. Two, to be exact. After removing the questionable bit of lingerie, I grappled with the hooks that confined these mountains of meat. They burst forth in a regular cavalry like charge, with two pink soldiers leading the way. I was going to fondle them with my fingers but having been brought up hygienically, I pressed my mouth to first the left one and then the right. She quivered in delight. Before falling onto the bed, I had my clothes strewn all over the place. As she stood before me nude, she looked like any other beautiful woman, the major difference being the whiteness of her skin. I considered saying something about sun baths but wisely dis-



missed it from my mind. Her cheeks were flushed and there was something unearthly about her mannerisms but then who cares when you're about to get bred?

All I knew was that she was for real. I forgot the sordid thoughts and began the business of loving. We met, body to body. Her tongue slid across my body as I buried mine in her breasts. The supreme moment came all too soon. For minutes after we lay motionless. I told her she was the greatest, a beautiful sex machine without peer.

She asked me to keep this love match to ourselves, specifically saying that she didn't want the landlady to know of it. Now I'm not the blabbering type, particularly when it comes to my conquests in the hay.

I asked her if she thought I was a square or something. Apparently she never heard the expression so I let it drop. She made no effort to clothe herself but instead, lay nude on the bed. The room was dark now and her body seemed nearly transparent against the sheets. For some reason or other, I had the strange feeling she would disappear into them. I convinced myself that she was still there by planting my lips against her breasts again. I suppose now that the passion had worn off she had become chilled.

"Soy, gal," I smiled, "why don't you and I put on the feed bag?"

"Good thought, George, but there's no sense in going out for it. I know you'll not panic Wall Street with your investments but why not go into my room and I'll whip up a few things on my hot plate."

How could you help but like a gal like this? I assented, suggesting we get back into our clothes. She put everything back



on except the bra which she let dangle from her hand. Her full breasts literally bounced as she walked to the door.

"Be in my place in about twenty minutes. I want to get cleaned up fast. It's the one at the end of the hall on the right."

She seemed to melt through the door as she left although I was almost certain I had opened it for her. Or had I?

Why I got dressed and then undressed is beyond me. I wanted to shower anyway so went through the ungartering bit again. I whistled as the tiny pricks of water pierced my body. All in all I had used the twenty minutes preparing for the night's rendezvous.

The damn hallway was pitch black. The light had burned out during the day I guess because I remember it was on when I had come in late last night.

I had my fist doubled, ready to knock on her door when, as if she anticipated my coming, flung the door open. She was standing there in all her loveliness, bedecked in a swirling red flame negligee. Yards of maribou engulfed the hem. There was no bra to suppress her mammoth breasts, nor was she wearing that ridiculous, ill fitting gym suit. I fell into her arms immediately before doing anything else. Her body movements suggested that after dinner we would need a bed to carry on.

"So happy you could come, George. I don't have many visitors anymore."

This was understandable from the point of interior decorating. The wall was papered with a design exploiting large, red roses. A lamp with a glass shade of different colors was on a table. The chair and sofa were of mohair, dark in color with several brightly colored satin pillows strewn over them. As my eyes scanned the room, I noticed an



old time Kewpie Doll on the mantle. I was going to say something but Penny was busy winding up a photograph that looked like a fugitive from the Smithsonian Institute. The music was scratchy but recognizable. If memory serves me right, the tune was Dardanella.

"Say, baby, do you think that number will make the hit parade this year?"

Without turning around she said, "It did."

Then she swayed off into the middle of the room, her eyes closed.

My blood pounded at the sight of this beautiful creature, transparently nude, floating about the room. Her dance steps were not of the rhythmic type I had been used to but nevertheless, enticing.

As she spun by me one time, my eyes played a trick on me. I guess I was so wrapped up in thoughts of sex I let the old eye-balls get carried away. I'd swear her hands had lost that shimmering Lux look and were scaly with long, curved fingernails. When I walked her way, she deftly placed them in back of her and oozed her pretty lips to mine. As I kissed her hotly I let my hands slide down her arms to hers, gently drasing them to the front. They were like they should have been, pastily white with manicured nails. I promised myself I wouldn't read any more of those goony horror tales.

The worn disc played on as she placed her hand on my shoulder.

"Tango, kind sir?" she asked.

Well, Dardanella ain't no tango but if this doll wants to tango, I tango, or at least offer a reasonable facsimile. Jokingly I knocked off a couple of tantalizing twist motions before dancing with her.

She laughed like I was some kind of nut. I laughed, not because I was being compatible but because of her high pitched cackle. It was probably the only



unwomanly part of her makeup. Well, you can't have everything.

The smell of burning chops brought us back to the matter at hand. We ate and relaxed for an after dinner smoke. While I puffed up a storm, she went to the drawer and lit an incense, to take away the stale food odor.

She turned her baby blues at me and said, "I'd like to go and see Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky at the Bijou tonight. How about it?"

I've heard of re-runs but this is ridiculous. "Ya may catch them on the late late late show so let's settle for Bye Bye Birdie instead. Also, the Rockettes are

kicking up a storm at the Radio City Music Hall."

Penny giggled as she handed me the tabloid. The paper was carefully folded so I spread it out before me and whistled in awe as I read the clear print. I noted the date in the left hand corner, August 15, 1921. The theatrical section revealed that admission to the first rate movies was 25¢ for Adults. Tom Mix and his horse Tony were at the Orpheum. A newcomer called Eddie Cantor was featured at the Shubert. Turning the page, a real crazy grocery ad caught my eye. These prices would cause a complete sell out in our present day super

market as I noted that butter went for 23¢ a pound, eggs, 15¢ doz. and milk 10¢ a quart. However, the want ad section revealed that salaries were comparatively low so it all seemed to balance out.

Penny had nestled close and was idly fingering the marion on the hem of her negligee. Her eyes met mine hopefully as she suggestively nodded her head toward the bedroom. I dropped the old newspaper and clutched her warm body to me. She seemed weightless as I lifted her in my arms and strode toward the small room in the rear of her tiny flat. Without a word she removed the



revealing garment and stood tantalizingly before me. A few of the bright feathers drifted lazily through the air, encircling the lovely, but startling white form so near to mine.

Only my clothing separated me from planting my frame beside hers. In seconds I was nude, nestled prostrate alongside this seductive gal.

"George," she'd whisper, "don't tease me."

I didn't give the words too much consideration for I was busy doing more interesting things. When I think back on one word, I kind of shudder a little. She said, as best I can recall, "I need your

LIVE body. Well, man, the way I was manipulating all her levers, there couldn't be any semblance to a corpse.

Anyway, she was swinging around like something I've never seen. Another point of interest that shook me was when she climaxed. Most girls go through facial contortions and let out a wheeze or something. This doll retains a perfectly straight face and with her mouth shut, emits tiny squeaks, like a bat that's flying around looking for something to eat.

Nevertheless, she knew what she was doing in the lay. There's something passionate about a

scratch on your back when it comes from passion. It has a pleasant hurt to it.

Pretty soon we were both so pooped we decided to rest awhile. I used her shower, such as it was while she panted on the bed. I was all perspiry but she was the cool kind. I don't think she had one bead of sweat on her that she generated. A few drops leaked off my brow onto her heaving breasts but that was all. And has a way of keeping you unsweatingly sweet. Good stuff.

After I came out of the shower, she dressed in the same garb I had met her in. She was built like four million with the tantalizing negligee cobwebbing her naked body. One change caused me to ask her a question. I suppose it was a silly one with all the different types of hair styling these days. Anyway, when we had met the first time I liked the short sparking hair she sported. When I returned to the room after my shower, her hair was long and black. I can remember this because of the contrast to her ivory white skin. That's one beauty about being a dame. They can look like two entirely different people with the twist of a comb.

I had run out of cigarettes and asked her if she had any. She pointed to the old oak table in the center of the room. I picked up the pack and commented on the unusual brand. They were Sweet Caporal, a kind that was popular at the turn of the century. A few cigar stores still handle them for special customers though I'll stay with L&M or Pall Mall Boy, were they strong but then a lousy cigarette is better than no cigarette at all.

A clock chimed ten times. I was going to say goodnight but without speaking, she sat straight up

on the bed and looked at me real funny like. Then she spoke.

"Please don't think I'm odd, George, but every night at ten I do my short prayer. You'll think I'm sacrilegious, doing something like that right after having intercourse but it's a ritual I've kept since I was a baby three years old."

"Go ahead," I said. "It's nice to know a girl that has some piety about her. I'll just shut up until you do or say whatever you do or say."

She lit two small candles and placed them above the mantle. Then, the lights were dimmed. It was a rather eerie scene... this flickering candle light halo-ing her black hair. Another item that I noticed was a kind of fog that hovered over her head. The windows were closed but then that soupy stuff that comes off the harbor in New York can oke its way through the tiniest cracks.

She kept up a constant mumbling tone, still attired in this sexy outfit. The two things didn't go together, but then neither do hot dogs smeared with cheese cake though some goofs eat them that way.

The prayer lit was finished as she blew out the tallow. For a short minute there was total darkness in the room. I hollered that I would find the switch and put the Edisons to work again but she had heat me to the button. I brushed against her and told her that maybe she ought to put on a little heavier robe. This tomato was positively chilled.

The light spread its glow around the room and I felt more comfortable.

She excused herself for a minute and went to the door in the small entrance way. I didn't hear anyone knock but that's no criterion. My ears leave something to be desired anyway. She was gone for about three minutes and returned.

Unfortunately, she didn't close the door tightly when she came back so being a true gentleman, I walked over and started to give it a hefty shove. Being nosy, I glanced down the long, dark

straight hall. If anyone had left in the moment between her conversation and my door pushing, I certainly could have seen them. After all, I didn't want some other turkey busting up a hot romance. I peered through the darkness but didn't see a damn thing. I guess whoever it was, ducked into one of the doors but curiously enough, the first door next to hers was over fifty feet away.

"Why do you have that strange expression?" she asked when I sat down.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought I might catch a glimpse of your calker but he or she wasn't there. Besides, it was too dark to see anything anyway. Forget it."

"It's just as well you didn't see her. You might have forgotten all about me and wanted to take her as your arms."

I was glad to know it was a she that had called. Men don't like other men losing up their deals.

I think her yawn was a signal for me to leave. I arose, walked to her and planted my lips against hers.

"Thank you, baby, for a wonderful dinner and a marvelous night. Maybe we can do this again like tomorrow. I dig you the most."

"Not tomorrow, George dear. I have to go away for a short while."

She didn't mention another convenient time for her so I thought I'd take my chances towards the end of the week.

I ran my hands the length of her luscious body one more time before leaving. Her nipples hardened at my touch as her breathing grew louder. How I wish I could have taken one more crack at the lovely shape but one go a night is plenty for me. Anyway I'd tried her earlier in the day so I know it was an impossibility to make the grade. With a snarl, squeezing pat on her butt, I left.

The next couple of days I had several auditions, all resulting in a most considerate ending. Everyone was apparently interested in saving me dimes for phone calls because they would say, "Don't call me, I'll call you."

Thursday I knocked on Penny's door but she hadn't returned yet. As I sauntered up the hallway, I bumped into that ever lovin' old crow, the landlady. I casually asked if she knew when Penny was coming back.

"Penny? Penny who?" She looked aghast.

"You know, Penny. I mean Cynthia Anderson, the girl in the room down there." I pointed at the corner flat.

"You been drinking or something, Mr. Newcomb?" That apartment hasn't been rented in thirty some years. No one will take it. The girl who lived there before was in show business but she died in there. I hate to think about it. She was a beautiful girl but when they found her a couple of days later, they said she had a horrible expression on her face, like she had died of fright."

"You're kidding," I said.

"See for yourself."

I followed her down the musty hallway and awaited her fitting the key to the door. When it was open, the room was like I remembered it, the roses on the wall-paper and the old glass lamp. Only, it was obviously unused. Dust had gathered on everything and the bed was vacant of a mattress.

I thought I was flipping my marbles and left. I guess I must have had a hunch of a dream but it all seemed so realistic. I could still visualize the beautiful creature swirling before me in her flame colored negligee while the soft maribou feathers had trembled at her touch. I remember a few had detached themselves and floated into space.

Carelessly, reaching into my pocket my hand closed on a soft, downy substance. My heart stood still and I could feel the short hair rise along the back of my neck as I brought forth a flame colored maribou feather!

Needless to say I am now living in a different section of town and tonight I have a real live one. I hope . . .



## BLACK MAGIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

ing me off balance and sending me tumbling backward against her warm, velvety body. Those devilish little hands of hers were all over me, doing things that put goose pimples on my goose pimples.

"Hey, lover," she whispered, "we're wasting time!"

"Not again!" I groaned.

She giggled wickedly. "Oh, yes! Again. She rolled to me, another of my senses in a frenzy of kisses until all I could do was wearily cooperate with my aroused appetite and join her in still

another

Much later that night, Bloody finally fell into a light sleep. I eased out of the bed and went quietly into the livingroom where I lit a cigarette and sat on the couch, furiously trying to figure my way out of this situation. I was exhausted. Another twenty-four hours of this kind of strain and I would probably be finished.

I considered Bloody. Conjuring up a demon hadn't been such a great idea after all. No mere mortal could possibly keep up with them when it came to rompsy—

and anything else, most likely.

Well, I'd have to do something.

My eyes wandered to the floor and stopped at the diagram still etched there in chalk. I stared at it, an idea beginning to glimmer hopefully in my mind. Sure! Why not? Maybe it would work and maybe it wouldn't, but it was worth a try. Silently, I lit the candles again. The room glowed weirdly with their pale light.

Searching the room until I found the black magic book, I turned to the chapter on demon conjuring. It was a long shot, but there was a faint possibility that the same incantation that brought Bloody—and her insatiable demands—into my life just might take her back

where she came from. It might not work. I'd just have to chance it. I studied the incantation, remembering I had to have a bag of some kind.

I found a tiny, black ant on the kitchen sink. Carrying it to the diagram, I set it free—watching it meander toward the diagram's center. When it reached the exact center, I hurriedly spoke the magic words in a low voice. The intense, noiseless explosion of light flashed again, just as before.

Instantly, I dashed to the bedroom door to see if the gorgeous demon was gone. I stood there, blinking with dismay. Blondy slept peacefully on the bed.

"Well, hello, lover!" said a throaty voice behind me.

I whirled around.

"Yee!" I gurgled. "I've done it again!"

Standing stark, raving nude in the undulating clouds of greenish smoke was another demon—a long-legged, outrageously curved brunette wearing a lascivious smile on her wide-lipped mouth. Her fantastic proportions would've electrified a eunuch.

"Guess what we're gonna do!" she murmured silkily, stepping out of the diagram.

Who needed three guesses?

Well, that's all a river of passion under the old bridge now. I admit it was pretty strenuous for several days and nights, trying to survive the mad enthusiasm of two demons. But I made it. I discovered endurance powers I didn't know I had.

Yes, I made it. Man did I ever make it! Like constantly.

And a superb solution came to me while I was fighting for my health. In fact, the lovely demons' obsession for passion was the key to the solution. It suddenly dawned on me that if they were that crazy about Indoor Tumbling, I could even capitalize upon the chronic interest in erotic achievement. So I did.

These days, I'm really living. I quit my job and I'm rolling in money. I own a fleet of sportscars, more fine threads than a chain of haberdasheries and I'm surrounded by the most beautiful, cooperative supply of beads that ever popped into the center of a diagram.

Like Blondy said: Hell's full of them—Millions and billions of them—eager to be coaxed up and not a bit unwilling to be put to

work. As fast as they arrive, I assign them to various territories where they happily indulge their devilish talents—and I collect most of the proceeds. It's working out nicely for everybody. I'm raking in a fortune, the demons are joyously busy at their favorite pastime and we've yet to hear a complaint from any of our clients. ○







# MAKE-OUT TECHNIQUE

Are you tired of being a 90 IQ weesling? Do big brainy engineers, astronauts, physicists, and computer programmers kick sand in your face, steal your girl, and pound you with a slide rule when you complain about it?

Well, men there are three ways you can retaliate:

1. Hit the genius over the head with one of your bar bells. You may get tied into a pertzel by a judo expert, however. Brainy boys are heavy these days.

2. Spend six years in college getting your Ph.D.

3. Head on. This article is designed for the unhappy he man caught in the mental bind. After all, the dear, sweet things don't insist on you being brainy. They just want you to act like you are.

Dressing like an egghead, scattering intellectual props around your apartment, and learning a few choice phrases will convince all but authentic brainy broads that you have an IQ of at least 150. And who cares about brainy broads?

And one more thing. A slide rule. Sleep with it, eat with it, carry it close to your heart at all times. Engineers may forget their pants when they go to the office, but their slide rule? Never.

At the slightest provocation, invitation, or consternation, yank out the slide rule and start sliding it for effect while muttering something like, "Categorically. Hmumumumum. Yes, definitely categorically!"

The slide rule and that phrase alone will get more chicks into your arms than half a dozen sports letters. The clunk head who couldn't pass





anything in school except a pigskin is now as extinct as flat busts and flippers. Silent, bowlegged romances drawing "Yep," and "Nope," have given way to crew-cut casanovas who—at the least—can say "Affirmative, Negative," and "It's go, go all the way."

Go start at home. Throw out the bar bells, take those football shoes off the wall, burn those breezed sweat pants. Apartments decorated with crossed foils, tennis racquets, moose heads, and steer horns are strictly no go.

While you are at it, toss out the comic books, Westerns, and funny papers.

In place of that antiquated litter, hang some abstracts on the walls, and scatter around on tables and floor some intellectual paperbacks. For a start try the math and science section of your book store. The more obscure the title, the better. Vector Analysis, Quantum Analytics, Number Theory, and the like, are very effective. Even most scientists can't explain the subject matter, so you are perfectly safe.

To these technical books add some intellectual periodicals like *Yale Review*, *Harvard Review*, *The Virginia Quarterly*, *Dissent*.

Now tear your hi-fi apart and spread the insides around on two or three shelves among some folk singer records. The way to pick the best records of this in-group category is through the law of opposites. Listen to them. If you can understand the words, or find any of the singing the least bit enjoyable, don't buy those. Buy the opposite kind.

With your apartment ready, now outfit yourself in true egghead style. An old sweater over a sport shirt. Corduroys, sneakers, and unmatched socks are par for the course. For that irresistible *coup de grace* stick a curve stem pipe in your mouth. (And is it necessary to add that a crew-cut is mandatory?)

With the stage set, and that special doll in your apartment who has been unimpressed by your demonstrations of weight lifting and old school scrapbook, you begin subtly by standing



on tip toe and squeezing your leg muscles. This is called the isometric system of exercise. According to the most hip scientific reports it's all you need to keep in top shape.

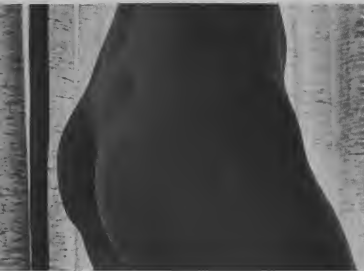
Suggest she try it. It's great for bust development. And with a little luck she'll also bust her bra. While she's squeezing and counting to ten for that all important ten second muscle hold, pull our yarn slide rule and slide it back and forth. This will lead to conversation quite easily. For example she might say:

"I just adore intellectual men!"

You: "E equals MC squared."

Babe: "Oooh, that does something to me."

You: "Affirmative. Categorically affirmative."



From here on in it can get tricky, depending on how much she knows. The following sentences have been designed to handle anything she says. If she knows what you're talking about, she is much too smart for you anyhow.

Lead off with this gasser:

"What do you think of Kafka in the light of recent cybernetic developments?"

Whatever she replies, your follow up is,

"Categorically."

Babe: "I agree."

You: "What do you think of impulsive erotic demands of the rampant male?"

Babe: "I certainly do agree."

You: "I detest as over complication of an essentially simple postulation the anti-hedonistic devices such as fetish and mating adornment."

Babe: "Oh absolutely, I mean really."

You: "Excellent. You are an exceptionally perceptive woman. With you I need not clutter my



mind with credities. Madame, remove your garments."

Babe: "Categorically affirmative. I mean really."

At all times you must keep your slide rule in motion. If she does not respond quite as quickly as the babe in our little scene, then begin over. No woman worth spending your evening with can possibly remember what you said the first time around. Wear her down with an onslaught of sheer intellectualism and slide rule manipulation.

Once you have made your point, keep your mouth shut, and toss away the slide rule. Check out in detail all systems to be certain of a high factor of probability of performance for launching on the pad.

After blast off, take over on manual control and when orbit is completed, assume proper attitude for re-entry and completion of mission.

After that it's go, go, go all the way to the moon and back. ○



I'M IN  
**VEGAS!** MAGAZINE  
ON SALE EVERYWHERE

# RECOMMENDED ADULT READING...



The FRANCE' name is  
your guarantee of exciting and entertaining reading.



The background of the entire image is a close-up of a woman's face and hand. She has dark, curly hair and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is raised, with fingers spread, and a thin black line, possibly a pen or a string, is held between her fingers. A large, soft-focus red heart is positioned behind her hand. In the center of the image, the word "VINTAGE" is written in a stylized, blocky font where each letter is contained within a black diamond shape. Below this, the words "Girlie Scans" are written in a cursive script. At the bottom, the text "From The G Barrett Collection" is displayed in a bold, yellow, sans-serif font. On the left side, there is a small circular inset showing a woman in a white bikini posing.

VINTAGE

*Girlie Scans*

**From The G Barrett Collection**